

The Minstrel Boy

John McDermott

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His fathers sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!" The minstrel fell! - but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

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